# THE PACIFIC

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## *He Comes! He Comes!*

HAVE you not heard his silent steps?
He comes, comes, ever comes.

Every moment and every age, every day and every night, he comes, comes, ever comes.

Many a song have I sung in many a mood of mind, but all their notes have always proclaimed, "He comes, comes, ever comes.

In the fragrant days of sunny April, through the forest path, he comes, ever comes.

In the rainy gloom of July nights, on the thundering chariot of clouds, he comes, comes, ever comes.

In sorrow after sorrow it is his steps that press upon my heart, and it is the golden touch of his feet that makes my joy to shine.

—Rabindranath Tagore.

Pacific School of Religion
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# THE PACIFIC

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## A STRONG FORTRESS.

Under the caption of "Thoughts From the Note Book of an Optimist" we give this week selections from the world's greatest thinkers and seers which seem to us to be freighted with healing and winged with inspiration. Taken in connection with the selections quite similar given last week they seem to us to make a mighty fortress behind the walls of which souls can rest in these times of trial and at any and all times during their earthly pilgrimage. We have massed these gems of thought at this time in order that by their multitude and the sources from which they sprang they may in their wholeness strike the minds of our readers with irresistible power. We would have them catch that gleam of things which would fix forever the thought expressed by Tennyson,

"Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm."

Much care was given in the arrangement of these thoughts. For instance last week we had this at one point in the selection:

"A finer peace shall be wrought out of pain
Than the stars in their courses know;
Ah me! but my soul is in sorrow till then
And the feet of the years move slow."

Then, in order to cure, if possible, the plaint in the last two lines of the foregoing, this stanza was made to follow:

"Not so in haste, my heart!
Have faith in God and wait;
Although he lingers long
He never comes too late."

Sequence has been sought this week also, and it is hoped it has been attained somewhat; though of course this cannot be as apparent to the reader as it is to the editor. Taking, however, the first selection and the last two or three, and an ascension to lofty heights will be evident. Life is in the loom, and the call is to make room—room. More than labor and sorrow is in the weaving, as many of the selections show. And finally Whitman and Carpenter and Tagore lead us out into infinity.

Two passages of Scripture are applicable: "Beloved, now are we the children of God, and it is not yet apparent what we shall be." And also those words of Paul: "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together." And then: "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed."

## GOD AND THE SOUL.

God has made man for himself, and he finds no rest until he rests in Him. In Francis Thompson's great poem, "The Hound of Heaven," the soul is pictured as flying before God, trying ever to elude him, plunging into earthly "satisfactions," but never really satisfied, up and out of them, until finally the voice is hearkened to and refuge is found in the divine heart. The poem is in part:

"I fled him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled him, down the arches of the years;
I fled him down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears
I hide from him and under running laughter.

"Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot precipitated
Adown Titanic glooms of chasemed fears,
From these strong feet that followed after.
"But with unhurrying chase,
And unpurturbed peace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancey,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the feet—
'All things betray thee who betrayest Me.' "

" 'All which I took from thee I did but take
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home;
Rise, clasp My hand, and come!
Halts by me that foot fall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
'Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee who dravest Me.' "

## WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

In a recent sermon on "The Beloved Community," Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, pastor-elect of the City Temple, London, contrasted what he called a true and false religion, saying: "The false view is that we have got something we want to do in the world, and we want the alliance of the Almighty to help us, or at least not to interfere. The truer, profounder view is that God is in his world, at work on a great design, and that we must learn his will and his way, and work with him, divining in the measure of our ability, his purpose and our duty and destiny. What is God doing in America today? Has he put us here to build railroads, dig mines, erect bridges? Is that all? Or are we, by mere chance, each man to seek his own end, follow his own path, and the end of it a moral and social anarchy? Or has he some great plan for our Republic, some purpose to fulfill in this new world, which we should seek to know and work with? If so, loyalty to the Divine purpose for our nation is the only true patriotism, that through our Republic we may the better serve universal humanity."

Mormon activity has gratly increased in England since the war began. The Mormon "Ready Reference Book" is said to contain the following: "The prohibition of polygamy is not only a prohibition of what nature permits in the fullest manner, but what she requires for the reparation of states exhausted by war." One naturally wonders whether this is from an edition revised for present-day use.

## PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Dr. Gladden's lecture in Berkeley last week was thoroughly enjoyed by all who heard it. It was a survey of progress in the world during the last eighty years. The Pacific will pass it along to its readers soon. Dr. Gladden left for his home at Columbus, Ohio, last Wednesday. His visit of several weeks' duration in California, has brought uplift and inspiration to any people. Thanks to Columbus for lending to us for awhile her "first citizen."

A Story of the Beginnings of Congregationalism in Washington has been written by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Greene of Seattle, and is being published in the Washington edition of the American Missionary Magazine. Dr. Greene ought to write not only A Story of Beginnings, but a history of Congregationalism in Washington. Largely Washington Congregationalism has come into existence since he came to the State. No one else has had so extensive participation in its making, and no one is more able to do the work in such a way as to hand down through the future a knowledge of the part Congregationalism has had in putting the stamp of Christianity on this great Northwest Pacific commonwealth. Inasmuch as an account of Congregationalism in Washington down to the present would be only a story of beginnings despite all that has been thus far achieved, it may be that this is what we are to have from Dr. Greene in "A Story of Beginnings."

"Some Oriental American Citizens" is the title of a valuable article by the Rev. George W. Hinman in the March number of The Missionary Review of the World. Mr. Hinman says: "One of the best known American-born Chinese in San Francisco is Luk Tiu Eli, president of the Canton Bank and manager of the Chinese Mail Steamship Company. He is a man of wealth and of influence among both Chinese and Americans. Sid Back, Jr., is a practicing lawyer, born in America, the son of one of the wealthiest and most respected citizens of Portland, Oregon. In the course of his article Mr. Hinman says: "The American of Oriental descent finds a great gulf fixed between himself and other Americans, and the bridging of that gulf is still an unsolved problem. No wonder that the Chinese Americans and the Japanese Americans find it hard to break with the old life, knowing that there is scanty place for them in the new economic life, the new social life, or the new religious life of other Americans."

Under the caption of "A Disaster Averted," the Pomona College Quarterly Magazine says: "That the College should be left in undisputed possession of a president with so distinguished a record of success as that of Dr. Blaisdell was, of course, not to be expected. The imminence of the peril, however, was not realized until it became known that large and attractive opportunities for service in the East, reinforced by strong attractions of a personal character, were making their appeal to the President. Without presuming to intrude on the latter, which of course must carry their own weight, instant expressions of loyalty and affection made it evident that no considerations outside of those of a purely personal nature could make tolerable parting with the President. The unanimity of feeling that has always been a strong undercurrent of the College life, has been taken more or less as a matter of course, came to the surface. The impending crisis gave occasion for the expression of the real feeling of the institution which left no doubt in any mind of its spontaneity and sincerity. One may not presume to say that the heartiness of this support turned the tide in our favor, but it is certain that without it the result would have been in doubt. The past seven years of marvelous expansion, due largely to the initiative and executive ability of one man, makes the imperative demand for and gives the assurance of an expansion still more marvelous in the second cycle of seven years. Essential to this is the unbroken continuity of guidance and control; and this, fortunately, Pomona College is to have."

A sermon given by the Rev. Dr. Henry Kingman of Claremont, on the 18th of March, on "Christian Duty and the War," has been printed in pamphlet form and we are indebted to Dr. Kingman for a copy. His conclusion was that our nation could not do otherwise than go in if President Wilson should summon Congress to open declaration —that it would be no act of wrath but one of grave, solemn fidelity to an inescapable obligation. But it was only with great solemnity and very reluctantly that Dr. Kingman came to this conclusion; and his final words were: "And now, when all this has been said, we may affirm confidently —looking to the future—that the militaristic spirit is the enemy of the human race. It is the very antithesis of the spirit of Jesus. It may be reinforced by a state church, but it is none the less in permanent and furious hostility to the spirit of his kingdom. Whether in Austria or Japan or Great Britain or the United States, it leads on to an insolence of pride and power that makes true brotherhood impossible. As for the future, it is not with the man of war, whether in Europe or America, but with Jesus Christ. The statesmen of commanding eminence will be those who deliberately choose his standards, and not those who plan for national advance through weight of armament. The new day is the day of emerging brotherhood, not of the superman or the hero of the stone age. And it is for the disciples of Jesus to hold their country inflexibly to the demand for a world league for peace, that shall make preparedness for peace—not war—the desire and practice of all nations."

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## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Utah's population is 430,000. Of this number 286,000 are members of the Mormon Church. There are about 10,000 Protestant church members, and 20,000 Roman and Greek Catholics.

In the Billy Sunday campaign in Buffalo there were 32,258 trail hitters. We heard recently that the Rev. and Mrs. Herbert A. Jump were among the trail hitters in the Boston meetings.

Last year, in the province of Ontario, Canada, the number of acres of land in cultivation was 350,000 less than in 1914. This year the acres uncultivated will be much greater. There is less than one man now to every one hundred acres of farm land.

John R. Mott remarked recently that two British universities—Oxford and Cambridge—had given more of their young men to the European war than have been asked for from all Christendom for the evangelization of non-Christian lands in this generation. The two universities sent nearly 25,000 men to the war.

The annual statement of the Rhodes Trust contains the announcement that the fifteen German scholarships at Oxford have been cancelled by Act of Parliament on petition of trustees. These scholarships were established by Cecil Rhodes on the theory that the intermingling of British, Americans, and Germans at Oxford would eventually bring

these three powers to a community of feeling that would guarantee world peace. Nominations for the German scholarships were made by the Kaiser, and the best families in the country were proud to have their sons enrolled. Among those who held appointments were a son of Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg, a nephew of Ambassador von Bernstein, a son of General von Heeringen, former War Minister; a son of Count von Schwerin, former President of the Reichstag, and others of the leading nobles of Germany.

Billy Sunday lunched with John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at the latter's residence Tuesday of last week. Major-General Leonard Wood was another guest, and Colonel Roosevelt came in before the lunch was over and joined in a conference. None would say what the subject of the conversation was, but Mr. Sunday was said to be in a very happy mood when he left the Rockefeller home.

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## NATIONAL COUNCIL WILL NOT MEET IN LOS ANGELES.

Just as The Pacific was going to press this week the following telegram was received by Dr. Kelsey from Secretary Herring:

"Careful view of total situation by Executive Committee results in unhesitating decision to postpone Council. Meets at regular date in the fall. Place to be decided. Am sending full statement to The Pacific. We all keenly regret the necessity of change."

This change came about because of the war. Information came to the Coast several weeks ago that this was probable if the United States entered the great European war. So few would be willing to leave their homes and work in the East in that event.

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## THE TRANSFORMING POWER OF THE EASTER MESSAGE.

### Dr. Aked's First Sermon At Riverside.

The Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked began on Easter Sunday his temporary work at Riverside, taking as text the words of Paul in the third chapter of Philippians: "That I may know him and the power of his resurrection."

There was a notable attendance to hear what was a brilliant and powerful discourse. Dr. Aked spoke in part as follows:

"It was Paul's supreme ambition that he might know Christ and the power of his resurrection, if as he says, he might by any means attain therto, though he disclaims having already done so. But Paul was modest, and he will go down the ages as the supreme exemplar of the transforming power of the Easter message. His intellect and character had their roots in the three great races of the ancient world; the Greek which created art, the Roman that engendered law, and the Judaic which stood for religion. By birth, culture and ciizenship he epitomised in himself these tripartite elements:

"As a Roman he despised the weakness that led to the cross.

"As a Greek, he had the bitterest contempt for the emotional appeal of the Savior's message.

"As a Jew, he loathed the fanatic clamor that would make a crucified Nazarene, the Christ of God.

"An orator, a thinker, a university man and a man of travel he would have been a world-conqueror whatever path he had chosen; he chose the path of religion and became a rabbi.

"The claims set up for the executed agitator stirred him to bitterest anger. In his own words, he raged against those who saw ghosts and babbled of hallucinations. When some of those against whom he set his face like flint were tried for sedition, and the court divided between the extreme penalty and a lighter sentence, he cast his vote for death. For this he never forgave himself, that he was more implacable than other judges, and that through him women, too, had been condemned when it was his glory to show himself a relentless foe to Christ.

"But no man on earth can stay the course of Christ or delay his message through immorality.

Thenceforth in labors abundant, in deaths beyond measure, scourged and beaten with rods, shipwrecked, stoned, through journeyings and perils among heathen and in toil and nakedness Paul showed for all time the transforming power of the resurrection. We are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

"You must know the cause of this tremendous reversal, Stars are not turned from their courses by a school boy's kite, nor do empires totter and fall before the breath of trifles light as air.

"Within this man's lifetime, hymns were sung in the churches he had builded along the shores of the tideless Mediterranean. Pliny, the younger, reported to Rome; The Pagan temples are deserted. The religion of the Nazarene, in city and country, has emptied them.

"Pliny then advises persecution; tells them what he has done, and that he has made the churches empty and the prisons full, by his policy of Thorough, which has again given impetus to the pagan forms and the ritual sacrifice. And, touching the last, this man of 1900 years ago sounds an ultra modern note when he says: The price of fodder furnished animals for sacrifice has improved. But Nero's fires and Diocletian's sword despite, a pure and gentle religion grew, ascended the throne of the Caesars and planted the blood-stained banner of Calvary over the dome of the Roman world.

What changed Paul changed the world.

Before you can dispose of the Christian narrative you must dispose of Paul, to whom acording to Sabbatier, we English owe our liberty and civil rights.

The Christian has no difficulty in accounting for Paul. Something happened to him on the day Paul went down to Damascus to persecute—the manifestation of the crucified Jesus as the Son of God.

The change effected in Paul, who knew Christ and the transforming power of his resurrection was only repeated with respect to the lives of men and women who had been his intimates and disciples.

The last hope was in the reincarnation of his spirit in them; all else had failed; the church was closed against him, the masses had turned from him, and it had been clear to him from the first that the machinations of the high priests would bring him to his death. He had estranged the formalists, the couservatives and the radicals.

The most sincere had been outraged by his refusal to lift a finger when John the Baptist suffered martyrdom. He had left only his disciples the embodiment and transmission of his message. And they showed their utter incapacity to understand his aversion to violence, his plan to succeed through failure. In his peril they would have called down fire from heaven, or legions of armed angels. He was for inclusion; they were for exclusion. He was the spiritual they the material, who squabbled over the emoluments and

dignities of the coming kingdom. He stood for service; they stood for lordship.

All this weighed upon him and at last he had recourse to The Lord's Supper, at which he instituted the eating of bread and the drinking of wine as a perpetual memorial and monitor. But this, too, failed. One of the partakers of the sacred rite went from it to betray him.

When he prepared them for the sorrow that impended, they so far failed to understand that two swords were produced by them, as witnesses of their readiness to protect him with carnal weapons, and it was then that he turned wearily away with the words: 'It is enough.'

They did not join the watch, and when the officers came to arrest him they wounded one, and Christ passed into custody bowed by the thought that he had failed.

Next the disciples themselves believed they had been betrayed. When no divine interposition confounded and overthrew those who laid sacrilegious hands on him, they were sickened by the conviction that they had been believing only in a bloodless phantom instead of him who had entered Jerusalem in triumph as a prince coming into his kingdom, and they fled from the futile death which closed to them an unfruitful life.

There was despair then, but read on. These same men stood forth later as the regenerators of the religion of the world.

These ignorant, stupid peasants and fishermen were touched with divine fire and gave forth light to all the earth.

These cowards set a new standard of heroism, which smiled on axe and cord and stake; they reincarnated the triumphant spirit of the risen Lord.

The story is complete. No forger could have built it from nothing to be used as an argument for a creed. These men had been changed by the transforming power of the resurrection from stupid poltroons to heroes and prophets —the supreme power of the Easter message down the ages.

And though we lie with faces in the dust, the God who raised Christ for the dead, shall raise us; shall encompass with sweetness and kindness and make old earth a happy place in which to love each other in the transformation of the Easter hope.

Dr. Aked preached to another large congregation at the vesper services in his church, his theme being "An Exhaustless Battery for the Recharging of the Human Will.' He spoke of the actual, practical revivifying which humans receive from the Divinity and quoted the promise of the Master that he would be with us always.

In the evening Dr. Aked was speaker at the First Congregational Church of San Bernardino."

Easter day services at Riverside were ushered in by the service on Rubidoux in the early dawn. Dr. Aked had part in that. service.

In his prayer at the morning service in the church he gave thanks for the privilege which had brought so many to the mountain of the cross to greet the dawn of Easter. When asked later for his impressions, he said they were embodied in his petition, so far as they have crystallized into form.

The prayer, in part, follows:

"We bless Thee, O Lord, for the disciples who have met this morning upon the mountain with the risen Christ.

"We thank Thee for the vision of life which has risen again—for the individual and for this sinning, sorrowful world.

"For the Easter Message of love and comfort to those whose dear ones have gone into a far country, but not beyond the Fathers' arms and the Fathers' heart.

"For the sorrowful and the mourning, in war-stricken lands, the stricken and bereaved, we pray that the light of Easter morning may shine through the blood-red mist of battle, and that the world may rise to the everlasting peace of God which passeth understanding."

Dr. Aked has consented to supply First Church, Riverside for six months or until such time as a permanent pastor may be secured.

The Church gives a reception this week to Dr. and Mrs. Aked at the church parlors. E. D. H.

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## A GLIMPSE OF MISSION LIFE AND WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA.

**Amy Bridgeman Cowles.**

Last Sunday was such a wonderful day here. Two native pastors with seventeen of their converts, made a sudden sally from out their stations in the mountains back of us, and descending upon us, brought such a stream of blessing, as will be talked about for many a day in this lone valley.

The special meetings began Friday evening and closed Sunday at 10 p. m., with a session four hours long. The first meeting both Saturday and Sunday began with the ringing of the church at earliest dawn. Its call brought streams of people over the hills and through the valleys, and finally the seventeen converts from out of the wilds came in a body up to the church door, sniging hymns and blowing cows' horns. It made a spirited rally-call, and we needed it, for things have been going far wrong on this old, old Station. Meetings through the day, and a big wind-up meeting by lamp light, were the order of exercise.

It was all so wonderful. In the first place, the personnel of the two Zulu pastors. Old Zama with hair as white as snow, stood six feet tall. His strong, erect figure, was one a general might covet. We all remarked his firm features, straight nose, his fine broad forehead. Bare feet, old trousers, a faded coat, a blue negligee shirt all clean, and best of all, right smack in front, pinned to his vest, with a huge crow-bar of a safety pin, were big splats of red and blue ribbons, his total-abstinence badges. No beer or tobacco ever defiles that old Saint Paul of a Zulu. And how he did preach! Looking over our church full of neatly dressed people, he began, "Oh how clean you are, how clean you are. Your heads are so clean, such clean hands, heads, how clean you are. No such clean heads where I came from. Only red clay and grease in my church. Heads covered with red clay. Can't wear any white clothes in my church, if you did, you would come away with them all red." I happen to know that this red clay bedecked church of Zama's is packed every Sunday. He has an inquirers' class of fifty, many of them "red heads" or recent graduates from the state of red ochre and grease. In the midst of one of his services here, Zama made all our church members stand up, then with a gesture suggestive of annihilation, he turned to those sitting, and fairly shouted at them, "Why don't you repent?" Later, in a more persuasive tone he said, "Don't be crabs, don't be crabs, don't be crabs. Don't come sidling along into the kingdom."

At another time, Zama said, "You know the Government has done a very wonderful thing here in this country, you know how tick fever came here and our cattle died, then the Government established dips, and now when our creatures are all covered with ticks, we just drive them through the dip and they are cleansed. Jesus Christ

is our Dip. All those of us, who are covered with sins, have but to dip in Jesus, and we are clean every whit." Crude as it was, the illustration was very apt. Beautiful, too, I thought. Finally, when the renegade son of one of our saintly deacons stood up, six feet tall, and said, "I choose Jesus for my Savior," old Zama turned his back to the congregation and wept. I heard afterwards, that it was because Zama was entertained at the young man's home, and because of Zama's personal influence that Leopold had come to Christ. And yet old Zama was born and brought up a heathen as the huge holes in the lobes of his ears testified. A grand old veteran of Jesus Christ he is. The people at his station, Evede, are so fond of their G. O. M. they say they do not want any young fellows for pastor now. Our other evangelist was "Qanda," our Apostle John, I might call him, for truly he is the loved disciple. The next day after the meetings, one of the women said to me, "Couldn't you see Jesus in Qanda's face?" And yet this Beloved Disciple is a hunchback. As a heathen he would be a laughing stock, but as a Christian how all men love him! Several times in his preaching, he referred to this "broken body" and always with thanksgiving that in spite of it, God enabled him to do so much. Up there at Dweshulas, literally in the wilds, how this dear man does work. Down into the deep valleys, up onto the mountain tops goes Qanda, walking, walking, walking, miles and miles, ever and always preaching Jesus. As a result his little sod church is packed every Sunday. Three hundred the day Mr. Cowles went up there to hold communion. It was such a tight squeeze in the tiny church, twenty-four children had to be turned out of doors, in order to make room for the eleven candidates for church membership, and for the parents of eleven babies to be baptized. Oh, we do want five hundred dollars for a new church at Dweshulas, just desperately. By a mighty effort the people there can themselves raise fifty dollars, but this is the very most those people can do. But I mustn't beg. Only somehow, Qanda's sort of Christianity is the sort that is so grandly worth while, and one hates to see such a wonderful work hindered for want of just a building large enough to hold the congregation.

Qanda told me of girls in his little flock up there who had endured a great persecution for Christ's sake. The stories are not writable, but they are very wonderful. It is marvelous what the word of God can do, all alone in heathen wilds. Qanda told these stories very simply. To him these persecutions are every day matters, the expected thing where souls are being born out of heathenism into heaven.

We have here in our Unzumbe Home, a convert of Qanda's, a girl, whose father, for the sake of the ten head of cattle he would receive, was forcing his daughter to marry a deaf and dumb man. Over and over again Selina had been beaten by her father, many times she had slept in the bushes, rather than come home to face her father's wrath. Finally, he had Selina's ears bored to keep her as heathenish as possible. Then the girl ran away to us, and Qanda told me that with everything to drag her down, Selina had kept herself pure for Christ's sake. Such stories make us want to sing the Doxology, and we are glad to have the great privilege of helping to furnish a way of escape for such as these. Selina is with us these vacation days, for she did not dare to go home. Her father was planning to tie her up, hands and feet, and carry her bodily to her loved, and marry her to him by force, and all that he might not lose his ten cows. Selina, a tall, dignified girl,—how little we know what it has cost her to be a Christian. But I have wandered from my subject. It was converts like Selina, who in those wonderful meetings, stood up and told marvelous stories of their conversion. Those seventeen converts from the wilds, so recently "red-heads" or clay-bedecked, were rather amazingly dressed.

Nevertheless, several times, during the meetings, an educated teacher or some one of our girls here, was kneeling at the feet of those Dweshulaites, and being prayed for, oh, so earnestly by those raw converts from the kraals. The meetings were hours long, but they did not grow wearisome, except to the flesh. It was sweet to be alone with our Zulu friends at such a time, our family the only white folks in that church full of black folks. Outside, the dark, and the African night sounds, and the great loneliness, stretching away and away to our dear ones on the other side of the world. Inside the church, that fine company of Zulus, and souls were being born into heaven. The sole human agencies of this wonderful work were the hunchback, the white-headed veteran, and that little company of converts.

To our great joy many of our girls took a stand for Christ during these meetings. The term closed with every one of our sixty-eight girls a professing Christian. "Blest be the tie that binds." The girls have been very responsive to Mr. Cowles' Bible class throughout the term, and in my Christian Endeavor meetings on Thursday evenings we have had precious times.

Twice during the term, Mr. Cowles and I took the girls out to a kraal service. Since the service was to be in a hut, we took only ten girls, not wishing to have our choir crowd out the congregation! About a hundred of us gathered in that hut, the girls sat on mats at our feet, and helped with the singing most beautifuly. Women dressed in cow-hide kilts with their hair done up in the usual red clay and grease made a pretty thick circle on our right, while boys and little children, quite nude, filled in the chinks. On the other side of the low doorway sat the men in dignified array and all semi-clad. Lastly in came H. R. H., royally covered with a white cotton blanket. This he donned in our honor, in order to cover the apron of tails in which he was really dressed. "Chief Thomas" was exceedingly pleasant and attractive, and at the close of the service sent a feast to us in the shape of a chicken stew, sweet potatoes, and bread and tea. All very nice, except the crockery, the cutlery and the little red table cloth! A description of these luxuries of civilization we will pass over. On reaching home how I did laugh when I overheard the two young ladies who had accompanied us, giving thanks for high doors and a clean table cloth. I heard afterwards that the women of the kraal, spoke of the service as being "like heaven." The sweet singing of our girls was largely accountable for that impression. John 3:16 was Mr. Cowles' text that day. How the one hundred pairs of eyes did look at us, and how they did listen and how our hearts yearned over the fine young ruler. We shall go again to Thomas' kraal.

Another Sunday we took forty of our girls and climbed to the top of one of our surrounding mountains, (Mr. Cowles and I on horse back of course,) where we held a service out in the open. The girls sat with us upon a big flat rock, while our congregation sat on the dry grass in front of us. Here again there were about one hundred of us in all, and we did have a beautiful time together. About half of this little company were heathen. For twenty years those people have held services up there on that rock. Neither the floods of rain, which descended in torrents at times, nor the blaze of the noon-day sun, have been discomforts sufficient to kill that work. We do marvel at the steadfastness of some of our people. A Christian

woman, whom some of our people laughingly call the "Deacon of Etyeni," has been the heart and soul of the work. "Faithful unto death" is her watchword. This same woman the day we were there mustered the people by blowing on a huge cow's horn. This fine center of work is in danger of growing faint-hearted because the people there have waited and asked so long for help in building a church. Their pleading was too much for Mr. Cowles and I and we promised them on faith, a little sod church, and now on faith, we are having a man go ahead and cut the sods. The people are to cut the grass for the roof and to pound the earth floors, and help in what ways they can, but even then the church will cost a hundred dollars. Nevertheless, this is one of the must-bes. When it is finally finished that little church (and school house, as it will be) will be the reward of those dear people who have for all these twenty years held services on that great rock, where there is not one leaf for shade or shelter.

Just one or two more items, and I will really close. In the first place how I wish you might all have seen the various closing exercises of the school year. We are one hundred miles from most everything civilized but we do not lack for entertainments, I assure you. The climax was reached, when our one hundred and sixty station school children held forth with recitations and songs for seven solid hours without an intermission, or chance for a mouthful to eat. Beginning at 9 a. m. with an elaborate military drill, our teacher kept those children through all those hours until the last number at 4 p. m. One hundred and four items in all on the program, and practically all of it learned during this one term of four months, the present teacher's first term here. When it comes to memorizing our Zulu youngsters certainly leave their little white cousins far behind. In arithmetic, however, the handicap is the other way.

Besides entertainments, we have fashions here as well. Not Paris fashions, but real Zulu ones. I wish you could all see the highly decorated dandies, who pass along the road just below our house. They are magnificent creatures! Brown bodies well oiled, elaborate bead work around neck and waist and limbs, and to crown all, and this is the very latest, a double Turkish bath towel is suspended over the left shoulder, one towel hanging in front, the other behind! In a dance, these towels are swung around in a most skillful manner. To be really chic you must wear the bath towel! Snow white when new, daubed with grease and red clay later on.

Life here is intensely interesting, and how could any one ask for a wider field, or a greater opportunity than Umzumbe affords! Umzumbe is so beautiful too. Just now she is in summer dress. Everything is so fluffy green. Emerald hills and purple mountains all about us. "As the mountains are round about 'Umzumbe', so is the Lord round about us."

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## A COMMUNICATION CONCERNING THE "SECOND COMING."

Editor of The Pacific.

Dear Sir:

I was very much interested in the first editorial of your issue of April 12th, "The Day of the Lord Will Come!"

Dr. Jowett's interpretation of II Peter 3:10 as therein quoted, raises in my mind a comparison between the rules of interpretation which govern the clergy and those observed by lawyers. To explain: In the passage above referred to and commented upon at length by Dr. Jowett, Peter states: "The day of the Lord shall come as a thief; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall be dissolved with a fervent heat, and the earth and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

Passing over that portion of his comments which are preliminary, I notice that this passage creates in the mind of this great preacher, three "cardinal" impressions, to-wit: This judgment is to be a season

(1) Of convulsions * * * exposure of foundations, etc.

(2) Of discrimination, and

(3) Of transformation.

Now it is a fundamental principle of interpretation among lawyers that an instrument must be so construed as to give effect, if possible, to all parts of it. From the case of Mickle vs. Sanchez, 1 Cal. 200, to the present day, this principle has been continually reiterated; in fact, it is as old as the law itself. This being the case, what about Peter's statement: "The day of the Lord shall come as a thief?" To a layman considering this passage, and not this only, but the many other utterances of our Lord himself in which the same thought is often worked out much more elaborately, the almost universal silence of the clergy today as to our Lord's return creates an impression that they either do not believe such predictions in the Bible, not even our Lord's own statements relative thereto, or they attach no importance to them, or just possibly that they are afraid to proclaim the whole truth. While the apostles were watching Jesus as He ascended into heaven, two men stood by them in white apaprel, and said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye looking into heaven? This Jesus, who was received up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye beheld Him going into heaven."

But as to these and like passages which sound the dominant note in New Testament teaching as to the future, the pulpit of the day is as silent as the tomb, with a striking exception here and there. Is not this silence in itself the very thing which will make the Lord's return to his Church as the coming "of a thief in the night"? "While the bridegroom tarried they all (the wise as well as the foolish) slumbered and slept."

The Jews rejected Jesus because building their expectations upon prophecies which bear upon the Second Coming of Christ in great power, they were unwilling as well as unprepared to accept their Messiah at His First Coming in fulfilment of other prophecies which now appear to the Christian world remarkably clear. Are we not in as much danger, and with prospect of greater condemnation, while making much of that First Advent, of completely losing sight of the Culminating Events in the Divine program?

"To the angel of the church in Ephesus write: * * * I know thy works, and thy toil and patience, and that thou canst not bear evil men, and didst try them that are called apostles, and they are not, and didst find them false; and thou hast patience and didst bear for my name's sake, and hast not grown weary. But I have this against thee, **that thou didst leave thy first love.** Remember, therefore, whence thou art fallen, and repent and do the first works; or else I come to thee, and move thy candlestick out of its place, except thou repent."

Measured by any church which I have ever known, the Ephesian Christians maintained a standard of Christian ethics unexcelled, if not unequaled. Why, then, this solemn warning? Plainly because they had lost that warm, personal love for Christ that centered in and was an outgrowth of that expectancy of His early return which had characterized their first state.

Many say, it is enough that we are faithful. But who would dare insult a woman whose lover was off for the

(Continued on page 10.)

# THOUGHTS FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN OPTIMIST.

## Freighted With Healing and Winged with Inspiration.

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of tomorrow,
What are you weaving?
Labor and sorrow?
Look to your looms again,
Faster and faster
Fly the great shuttles
Prepared by the Master.
Life's in the loom,
Room for it,—Room!
—Mary A. Lathbury.

O World, as God has made it! All is beauty!
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.
What further may be sought for or declared?
—Browning in the "Guardian Angel."

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll,
Leave thy low-vaulted past;
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast;
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

* * * Angels of growth!
Did ye descend, what were ye more than I?
Wait there—wait and invite me while I climb;
For, see, I come! but slow, but slow!
Yet even as your chime,
Soft and sublime,
Lifts at my feet, they move, they go,
Up the great stair of time.
—David A. Wasson.

Life is arched with changing skies;
Rarely are they what they seem;
Children we of smiles and sighs—
Much we know, but more we dream.
—William Winter, in "Light and Shadow."

O me! for why is all around us here
As if some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would,
Till the High God behold it from beyond,
And enter it and make it beautiful,
Or else, as if the world were wholly fair,
But that these eyes of mine are dense and dim;
And have not power to see it as it is.
—Tennyson in the Idylls of the King.

Take heart, the Master builds again,
A charmed life old goodness hath;
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death. —Whittier.

"And still the soul a far-off glory sees;
Strange music hears.
A something not of earth, still haunts the breeze,
The sun and spheres."

Haste not! Rest not! Calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar star.
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not! Rest not! Conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.
—Goethe.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.
I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.
—John Burroughs.

* * * I see before
My race an age or so; and I am sent
For the stern work to hew a path among
The thorns—I take them in my flesh—to tread
With naked feet the road and smooth it o'er
With blood. Well, I shall lay my bones
In some sharp crevice of the broken way.
Men shall in better tmes stand where I fell,
And journey singing on in perfect bands,
—Theodore Parker.

"Others will sing the song,
Others will right the wrong—
Finish what we begin,
And all we fail of win."

"The airs of heaven blow o'er us,
And visions rise before us,
Of what mankind will be—
Pure, generous, grand and free.

"Then, ring bells, in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples;
Sound trumpets, far-off blown—
Your triumph is our own!"

* * * What am I?
Naught! But the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too.
Yes, in my spirit doth thy spirit shine
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! But I live, and on Hope's pinion's fly,
Eager toward thy presence; for in thee
I live and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high,
Even to the throne of thy divinity.
—From Sir John Bowring's translation of Derzhavin's "Ode to God."

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, would fain arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.
—From Rabbi Ben Ezra by Browning.

"Not as I will"! the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will!" the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.

"Not as I will!" because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must his love fulfill,
"Not as I will!"
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom,
To shape and use. —Tennyson.

At the heart of the cyclone tearing the sky
And flinging the clouds and the towers by,
Is a place of central calm:
So here in the roar of mortal things,
I have a place where my spirit sings,
In the hollow of God's palm.
—Edwin Markham.

"God metes not out our life in one long length,
But in a tenderer, wiser way,
Have faith, and take thy bread, thy cross, thy strength,
Day by day."

"The day was dull and drenched and cold,
Full half a year from June—
Was this the garden where of old
The birds sang late and soon?

"Gray mists, more desolate than rain,
Hung low o'er borders bare;
Would ever roses bloom again
Or sunbeams linger there?

"But sudden from a laurel spray,
There came a gift of cheer—
A robin's joyous roundelay,
Full, sorrowless, and clear:

" 'His will be done! God's will is love,'
He sang, 'and love is rest;
Through moist below or cloud above
His ways are alweys best.' "

Perfect I call thy plan!
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete—I trust
What thou shalt do!
—From Rabbi Ben Ezra by Browning.

* * * Arise and fly
The reeling faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.
—Tennyson.

Give me, give him or her I love, this quenchless faith
In thy ensemble. Whatever else withheld, withhold not from us
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space;
Health, peace, salvation universal.

Is it a dream?
Nay, but the lack of it the dream,
And, failing it, life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream.

O my brave soul!
O farther, farther sail!
O daring joy, but safe! Are they not all the sets of God?
O farther, farther sail!

The soul travels;
The body does not travel as much as the soul;
The body has not as great a work as the soul and parts away at last for the journey of the soul.
All parts away for the progress of souls;
All religion, all solid things, arts, governments,—all that was or is apparent upon this globe or any globe, falls into niches and corners before the procession of souls along the grand roads of the universe.
Of the progress of the souls of men and women along the grand roads of the universe, all other progress is the needed emblem and sustenance.
Forever alive, forever forward.
Stately, solemn, sad, withdrawn, baffled, mad, turbulent, feeble, dissatisfied,
Desperate, proud, fond, sick, accepted by men,
They go! they go! I know that they go, but I know not where they go;
But I know that they go toward the best—toward something great. —Whitman.

Ages and ages back,
Out of the long grass with infinite pain raising itself into the upright position,
A creature, forerunner of Man, with swift eyes glanced around.

So today once more,
With pain, pain and suffering, driven by that strange instinct, who can tell?
Out of the great jungle of custom and supposed necessity, into a new and wonderful life, to new and wonderful knowledge,
Surpassing words, surpassing all past experience—the Man, the meaning of it all,
Uprears himself again. —Edward Carpenter.

The Lord advances, and yet advances;
Always the shadow in front—always the reach'd hand bringing up the laggards.
—Whitman.

Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure. This frail vessel thou emptiest again and again, and fillest it ever with fresh life.

This little flute of a reed thou hast carried over hills and dales, and hast breathed through it melodies eternally new.

Thy infinite gifts come to me only on these very small hands of mine. Ages pass, and still thou pourest, and still there is room to fill. —Tagore.

This day before dawn I ascended a hill and looked at the crowded heaven;
And I said to my Spirit, When we become the enfolders of those orbs and the pleasure and knowledge of everything in them, shall we be fill'd and satisfied then?
And my Spirit said, No, we but level that lift to pass and continue beyond. —Whitman.

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"The world-soul greatens with the centuries;
Mourn most man's barren levity of mind,
The ear to no grave harmonies inclined,
The witless thirst for false wit's worthless lees,
The laugh mistimed in tragic presences,
The eye to all majestic meanings blind!"

## A COMMUNICATION CONCERNING THE "SECOND COMING."

(Continued from page 7.)

war, with any such platitude? The Church is the bride of Christ and who shall say that her attitude towards the Return of the Bridegroom should be any less warm or anxious for the great consummation? Many today are earnestly contending for Christian principles who are entirely without love for the Christ who only can put them into effect upon the earth.

Pacific Grove, Cal. SILAS W. MACK.

Editorial Note.—We have asked Dr. R. C. Brooks to furnish us for publication a sermon given on last Sunday which will present his position on the "Second Coming." Dr. Brooks preached on the subject about two years ago, as did Dr. Aked and other ministers. Several others on the Coast did also, but we cannot recall just now who they were. No; our ministers are not afraid to preach on it. To what extent devout Christian scholars of the present day believe in it will be apparent doubtless from what Dr. Brooks will give us next week.

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## THOUGHTS ON THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

**"The Sacrament of Service." John XIII:1-17.**

So we would characterize the washing of the disciples' feet by our Saviour during his last night on earth. It is not one of the so-called "sacraments" of the church, but it is closely connected with the Lord's Supper, and is never to be separated from Him, who by his whole life, as well as his death, gave himself for us.

There is one purpose that should possess every Christian life. We read in this chapter, "I go to my Father." There is another equally impelling motive which Watts has beautifully expressed:

"To serve the present age
My calling to fulfil;
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will."

I doubt if there was ever a time when "the present age" was able better to illustrate the deep meaning of John XIII, or so powerfully to enforce it.

Autocratic kings, who were born to believe that they ruled by divine right, that it was their high prerogative to trampel upon the weak and lord it over their own people at their will, are summoned to come down from their high pedestal and take their place with common people. All this dethronement is brought about, not by emperors, who happen to be more mighty than themselves, but by the re-discovery of the universal law of service. There is a new emblem of nobility that is taking the place of the royal purple; it is the towel wherewith one girds himself. The princely motto, "Ich dien," becomes the merchants and toilers and emperors alike.

We are called to go back to origins. "As I came from God, and went to God." Democracy, if it is to last, must rest upon the divine initiative. It is not "liberty and equality," but equality first, because we are all the common sons of God, and are equal in Christ. The finite, to mean anything, must be allied with the infinite. The incarnation instead of being so mysterious and unintelligible, is the explanation of all our knowledge and service. Philosophy, as well as religion, must have the universal. As in our first lesson, the text stands out in golden letters by implication. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory the glory of the only begotten son of the Father full of grace and truth."

It was on the eve of his passion; but he does not forget his little flock. He loves them to the end, he bears with them, his words are now the most tender, knowing it is his last utterance. The washing of his disciples' feet is the fitting introduction to all that shall follow in this gospel. That vulgar rivalry as to relative rank, so incongruous now, that last night, their neglect of the common decencies of life; the prominent seat of the thief who is just about to betray him; these eleven very imperfect men whom he is to leave in trust with his great commission—all these sorrows combined, do not call for sharp reproof. There is one practical lesson he must impress upon them and us in that supreme moment, the lesson of mutual service, of deference and courtesy, one to another.

The Apostle Paul, at a later day, wrote in one of his epistles, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ." "In lowliness of mind let each esteem others better than himself." But this symbolism in the upper room will be longer remembered than could any lengthy discourse. When we are asked to imitate Christ, it is always in the way of humility. He has come down from another world; He has put off one by one, his high prerogatives; has become a man, a servant, the humblest of all—and now He is washing his disciples' feet.

How deliberate, how impressive is the narrative. "He riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments, and took a towel and girded himself. After that He poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded." The lowliest task demands not inferior, commonplace ability; the child, the feeble-minded ask the guidance, the insight of the skilled instructor.

It is said that Gadstone, on one occasion, wearied out distributing his benevolences, ministrating time and strength and love to the unfortunate, half pettishly, exclaimed, "I am making a dog of myself." "Yes," rejoined his friend, "a St. Bernard dog."

Livingstone said to the students of Cambridge, on his visit to England, "that in Africa nothing was drudgery or trivial when done under the high commission."

The nurses in France cannot be too well trained, or have come from families too refined. We are told of a poor dying man in a smalpox hospital, in Leads, looking up into her face, and saying to a nurse, "Kiss me, Sister Dora." And as she bent over him and gave him her benediction, he died content. She used to say that after her conversion her service became of an altogether different type, for it was the love of the Master that possessed and animated her.

Our own Government is glad to get recruits from the highest universities. Such men in the war of '61 stood the fatigue of the march and the camp quite as well and better than many who came from the farm.

In the incident we are considering, Peter is true to his bold, rash assertiveness. As on another occasion he does not hesitate to say, "Depart from me for I am a sinful man." Here he draws back with the insistance, partly noble and instinctive, but yet lacking the attitude of submission that became him at the feet of the Lord. We miss the immediate acquiescence of Mary to the angel's salutation, "Be it unto me according to thy word." But Peter's fisrt exclamation is his own, "Thou shalt never wash my feet." And immediately by a strong reflex movement, "Not my feet only, but also my hands and my head."

Like other words of his, these serve only to call out our Saviour's gracious and ever-to-be-remembered response, "He

that hath had his bath needeth not save to wash his feet." Now, as always in John, we are brought up to spiritual ground. If one is really washed in the laver of regeneration, he still needs the daily renewal; to wash his hands and his feet, that the outer, superficial defilement which naturally comes from contact with the world, may speedily be removed. He does not imply that the "first blessing" or the "second blessing" is sufficient; but that the rash action, the unpremeditated word, the uncharitable thought be not allowed to sink in and take root; that it be at once confessed and abhorred.

We are surprised, knowing the disciples as we do, especially at this period of their development, to hear the word of commendation "ye are clean," with one exception.

It seems even more incongruous that the church of today, dismembered, inconsistent and so derelict, should be addressed as saints; and that any individual should accept his assurance of standing as actual attainment. But it is our unmistakable privilege to be owned of Him, and entitled to a good hope—yea, an assurance of his approval at the least. It means everything to us, if we are prospectively accepted as sons, that we are to grow into His likeness, , and become mature and perfected—complete in Him.

There is a progressive work that remains. It is something to be enlisted in the army or the navy; but it is the daily drill that makes the soldier, the continual breasting of the waves that makes the sailor strong.

" 'Tis the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to gain."

Says a gifted woman. "Where ones daily life is full of small cares and anxieties, one always needs some rill from the great fountain of life and joy, flowing through, to freshen and sweeten it." But when we think of the falls and lapses which the most disciplined traveler is sure to meet in the long journey, he certainly is on very dangerous ground who draws back and declares positively, "Thou shall never wash my feet." Our Saviour is saying to us as to Peter. "Unless I wash thee, thou hast no part with me." It is by false assurance and hence easy neglect, that many a one, who began bravely in the race, comes short, and loses his soul at last.

We saw at the beginning that the washing of the disciple's feet was a prelude of the last, solemn, comforting words that are to follow, and the scene in Gethsemane and on Calvary. It is the solution of His whole life, "Who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." As this lesson of May 6th is studied by thousands in the Sunday-school, shall the geography, the archeology and the critical commentary take the place of Christ's own application? "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the servant is not greater than his Lord, neither he that sent greater than he than sent him; if ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

Upon the long slope of this low sandy shore
Are rolled the tidal waters, day by day;
Traces of wandering feet are washed away,
Relics of busy hands are no more.

The soiled and trampled surface is smooth'd o'er
By punctual waves that high behests obey;
Once and again the tides assert their sway,
And o'er the sands their cleansing waters pour.

Even so, Lord, daily, hourly, o'er my soul
Sin-stained and care-worn, let Thy Heavenly Grace,
A blest, atoning flood—divinely roll,
And all the foot-steps of the world efface,
That like the wave-washed sand this soul of mine,
Spotless and fair, smooth and serene, may shine.

San Diego, Calif.

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## SAILORS' DAY IN THE PORT OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In 1915 "Sailors' Day" was founded in the Port of Boston, Mass., by Mr. Stanton H. King, Superintendent of the Sailors' Haven. In 1916 it was recognized in the Port of New York also. This year the Port of San Francisco will likewise honor the sailor. As hitherto, the second Sunday after Easter, (April 22), has been selected as the most convenient date for "Sailor's Day." Following the precedent set in the ports above mentioned, the plans for the day are being promoted by local philanthropic and religious societies for the benefit of seamen. The purpose of the day is threefold: (1) To emphasize the value of the sailor to the nation; (2) To draw attention to the work done for his spiritual and social welfare; (3) To memorialize those lost while following their calling at sea during the past year. To this end all churches and religious organizations in the port will be requested on "Sailors' Day" to pray for the safety of the sailor, to emphasize his value to the nation, and to call attention to the work being conducted for his welfare ashore. At 4 p. m. on "Sailors' Day" a Memorial Service will be held in the First Congregational Church, (Post and Mason Sts.). The men of the navy and merchant marine will be invited to unite in worship with the citizens of this port in memory of those who have lost their lives while following the sea.

Participating in the service will be Bishop Leonard of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Bishop Nichols of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Rev. Carl O. Lundquist, pastor of the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Ebenezer Church, Rev. C. A. Hedlind, pastor of the Swedish Tabernacle. Mayor Rolph of San Francisco has been asked to make the address of welcome. The preacher will be Rev. Francis J. Van Horn, D. D., of the First Congregational Church, Oakland.

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## EASTER AT RIVERSIDE.

Nowhere is the Easter festival observed with more eclat than at Riverside. There is first of all a Sunrise Meeting on the summit of the once rude but now famous rock-heap known as Mt. Rubidoux. People come from great distances—sometimes even from Los Angeles—to be there and see the sun rise.

The autos bring their loads to the summit along a smooth boulevard and on an easy grade; and having discharged them, hasten to the mountain's base, leaving room for the large assembly to stand and worship. This year it was Dr. Aked that conducted the service and made the address. This, of course, was appropriate and fine, but there was no sunrise to either help or hinder him. A drizzling mist shut out the king of day.

This was the beginning of Dr. Aked's work that day. He preached at our church in the forenoon and again at a vesper service in the afternoon; and then, going to San Bernardino he preached a fourth time to a great throng, crowding every corner of the new Congregational church in that city. It was my privilee to hear two of these messages. "Chastened, but not killed"—nay, very much alive he seemed,—speaking words of grace, that I felt must have wakened enthusiasm and brought spiritual comfort to all hearts.

That, however, which drew me to Riverside, was not at

all that of which I have written. It was our lowly but fruitful Japanese Mission—with its Branch church. This I found much alive with an active and devoted pastor and a helpmeet for him whose solo was as sweet as anyone I ever heard from American lips. Our service was held in the afternoon following the Sunday-school. The throng of children that I found there was a feast for the eyes. I was told that every Japanese child of kindergarten age or older, within a radius of two miles from our Mission House, is attending a Sunday-school. This is largely due to a wise and energetic use of a "Ford," which was recently furnished for the pastor, Rev. K. Tagima. A good investment was that!

It was my privilege to baptize five of the Sunday-school children, three in virtue of their own consecration, two through that of their parents. W. C. P.

## NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The pulpit of First Church, Sacramento, was supplied last Sunday by the Rev. G. A. Charnock.

At the meeting of the Congregational ministers in San Francisco next Monday the address will be given by Secretary Pierce of the Y. M. C. A.

The First Congregational Church of Los Angeles has called Dr. Rockwell H. Potter of Hartford, Connecticutt. Dr. Potter has consented to come out next month and look over the field.

Plymouth Church, Oakland, will have its "College Night" this year on May 6. The Mills College Choir will sing and President Reinhardt will speak on "American Colleges for Women Compared and Contrasted."

An Easter offering in Plymouth Church, Oakland, totaled $2,460 in cash and pledges for debt reductions during the year. This will readily be brought up to $3,000, enabling the church to pay $250 monthly on its indebtedness.

The First Congregational Church of Oakland had an Easter offering of $9,230. There were 217 pledges of $25 and under, 34 pledges ranging from $30 to $100 and 13 pledges of more than $100. Pledges are still being received.

President Wilbur of Stanford University will give an address in the First Congregational Church of San Franciso next Sunday evening. Dr. Alfred Kummer is the regular supply for the month. He has charge of the midweek service.

In the First Congregational Church of Oakland the Church School enrollment, average attendance and offering, is now larger than it has been for many years. Classes for children, young people and adults are taught by most competent teachers.

A letter to the Editor from the Rev. C. C. Cragin of Santa Rosa says concerning the pastor at Guerneville: "Mr. Isaac seems to have won Guerneville as few ministers are able to do. He has high ability, large devotion, industry, spirituality tact and culture."

The Rev. Robert Walker began last Sunday the work of pulpit supply for the North Congregational Church of Berkeley. The Rev. R. B. Larkin of Ontario, California, has been called to the pastorate. If he accepts it is not likely that he will enter on the work until after the summer va-

Under the direction of the Pacific School of Religion, the evening service next Sunday in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley will be given to the great subject of "Religious Leadership." Secretary B. M. Cherrington of the University Y. M. C. A., Mr. Gail Cleland of the Trinity Methodist Church, and Rev. David A. Pitt of the First Baptist Church will be the speakers.

Chaplain Rowell's 97th birthday occurs next Monday and a lunch in his honor and in celebration of the event will be given at 12:30 in the parlors of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco. The ministers have been invited to bring their wives with them to the regular Monday meeting and to the lunch which will be given immediately after the regular meeting. There will be speeches around the table. Plates fifty cents each.

The First Congregational Church of Redlands, has a member, Mr. Charles Jackson, who is 95 years old. A note concerning him on a recent calendar read: "He is still strong and active. He states that if he could only be given a new pair of legs he would be all right. It is regrettable that he lives alone, but he prefers the quietness of his little cottage rather than the rigors of an Eastern climate with his daughter. May peace attend him.

Beginning with the first Sunday in May, Professor McCown of the Pacific School of Religion will give four addresses before the People's Bible Class of First Church, Berkeley, in which will be considered the historical development of Jewish and Christian ideas concerning the Milennium, the end of the world, and the second coming of Christ. The purpose of the course will be to set before the class the materials upon which they may base an independent judgment as to current theories regarding these matters.

A leading layman in the First Congregational Church of Redlands, writes to the editor of The Pacific concerning their new pastor, the Rev. Herbert C. Ide: "With great tact he has slipped into his place here without any flourish of trumpets, and quietly but surely has made a place for himself in the hearts of the people, also giving himself freely to the life and welfare of the community. His pulpit work is also of excellent quality and spirit. We feel that a rather critical period in our history has been safely passed."

## "AIDS TO THE GROWTH OF THE SOUL."

The First Congregational Church of Redlands has been having at its Thursday evening prayer-meeting a series of familiar discussions of "Aids to the Growth of the Soul."

The aim has been to help busy people to think more deeply about religion. The first topic was: "Taking Time to Think as an Aid to Soul Growth." The people were asked on the Sunday before to think of the topic and its divisions, and to be prepared to answer a question. The divisions were:

1. What do we mean by the soul? How awakened? How atrophied?
2. How has the war altered the sense of values for people in Europe; how can we in America likewise get it?
3. Why do so many fill every free moment with secondary interests? Should every one have a thought-out plan of life?
4. How can the art of concentrating the mind be gained?
5. How far is it wise to think about our souls?

6. Is it well to take a regular time daily for such thinking?

7. Do you approve of memorizing each day a verse of scripture or poetry for meditation during intervals?

8. How would a right sense of values affect our attitude towards our possessions, activities, pleasures, talk?

9. Is the ability to realize the unseen and spiritual a matter of temperament, or can it be developed?

Another evening the topic was: "The Bible as an Aid to Growth of the Soul." The outline was:

(a) A biographical study of a Biblical character, noting his preparation for his work, qualifications, difficulties, achievements, secret of influence, e. g., David, Peter, Paul, Joseph.

(b) Word studies by marginal references or concordance; e. g., Peace, love, joy, etc., or Bible songs, Bible promises, etc.

(c) Memorizing specially helpful passages, a verse a day and thinking about it during the day.

(d) Reading in a foreign language or in a modern version like Moffatt's or Weymouth or Twentieth Century.

A second evening on "The Bible as an Aid to Growth of the Soul," had consideration of the following questions:

1. What common reasons for not reading the Bible? Why do you read it? Can you give examples of spiritual power of those who were great Bible readers?

2. What is the best time for daily Bible reading?

3. What version do you prefer, and why?

4. With what attitude of mind is Bible reading most conducive to soul growth.

5. How make the Bible a real book for help in daily living? What method have you found helpful?

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### PILGRIM CHURCH, POMONA.

During the Lenten season a half-hour of music with a prayer at the close has been provided on each Friday to the pleasure and profit of many people. The Pastor instructs two classes a year in Christian life and service. One of these classes is held before Christmas and the other during Lent. Since the annual meeting of the church in December last seventy-six persons have united with Pilgrim. Of this number twenty-eight came on Easter Sunday, twenty-one of the number on confession of their faith.

The communion services in this church are among the most notable of the year. A written announcement is sent a few days in advance of the communion to all members who are under seventeen years of age reminding them of the privilege which the day affords. Especialy prepared music and responsive readings and prayers are provided for the morning when the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is administered. The results are a large and worshipful congregation, high expectations, and the conviction that these days are to be given first place.

It has been the custom of the Pastor to provide a story or brief talk for the children on each Sunday morning. The attendance on the part of the children of the Bible School has greatly increased. Of late there has come into the Church a young woman of college training who has exceptional gifts as a reader. Each Sunday morning this young woman, Miss Marjorie H. Walker, takes the place of the Pastor in bringing the talk or story to the children. Miss Walker is designated as acting director of Interpretation and is devoting all her public service to the work assigned by Pilgrim. This departure is being accorded favorable comment by the people.

During the past winter Pilgrim has enjoyed the presence of a number of visitors from other parts of the country. Among these is Rev, Harlow S. Mills, D.D., of Benzonia, Michigan, the author of the admirable book: "The Making of A Country Parish." Dr. Mills has just retired from the "Larger Parish," of which Benzonia is the center after nearly twenty years of service on this field. Another visitor among us is Rev. Robert M. Higgins of Berlin, Wisconsin, who is enjoying a six months leave of absence. Mr. Higgins has special fitness to interpret Scotish life and character and has been heard this winter at Pomona College and at Pilgrim.

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### EASTER SUNDAY AT LONG BEACH.

Eater came to the Long Beach Church with its glowing message of faith and joyous assurance. The first service of the day was the customary Sunrise Communion at 8 o'clock, with an attendance of 400 persons. Forty-seven were received into membership, twenty-two coming by confession. In the foyer hung baskets of flowers of brilliant hues; the auditorium contained great banks of lilies and a profusion of foliage, while a huge cross is the choir loft decorated with vines and surmounted by an illuminated crown was strikingly emblematic of the sacred occasion.

Eleven o'clock found the large auditorium crowded to overflowing. Pastor Henry Kendall Booth's sermon was the last one of the three months' series upon "The Life and Teachings of Jesus." The theme for this service was "The Dynamic of Immortality," with the sorrowing home at Bethany for its foundation. In this impressive discourse was developed the thought that the Master would have his followers know that Immortality begins in this world, that its practice becomes the dynamic of life, yet is made possible only by sharing the life of the Divine Teacher.

In the evening a large audience attended the service of song when the chorus choir with a score of voices rendered the Cantata, "Victory Divine."

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### REDONDO BEACH.

#### A Decade Under One Pastor.

The Congregational Church of Redondo Beach has just had a unique celebration—that of the tenth anniversary of their pastor, Rev. W. P. Hardy. In this western country, especially in this day of rush and change, this is unusual.

The past decade covers nearly half of the entire church history. Nine different pastors had preceded Mr. Hardy, making his pastorate the more marked for its continued duration. Having been unanimously called for the coming year, he is now beginning what his parishioners hope will be his second decade as pastor.

During his stay the church membership has about doubled, contributions to home expenses increased fifteen per cent, and those to benevolences 300 per cent. The debt on the parsonage and the street bonds have been paid, and at the end of this church year we had money left in the treasury. The church building and parsonage have been much enlarged, and modern conveniences added. We now have adequate room for our Sunday-school, which has grown too, increasing about 30 per cent in attendance.

This material growth is good, but another and far more important growth has taken place in our church—the growth of the spirit. Gently, patiently, yet persistently, our godly pastor has led his flock out of the stagnating life of nominal christianity into the deeper, richer life of complete surrender and consecration to the Master. Both by example and precept he has taught us and led us on, step by step. The 300 per cent increase in our contributions to benevolences is one outward indication of this inward change, as

is the increased attendance at prayer-meeting, and also the decided growth of the missionary spirit in both our church and Sunday-school. The latter is now supporting a native missionary in India, and paying for the missionary education of two little Hindu children.

Redondo Beach is generally considered to be a difficult field, and Mr. Hardy has met innumerable obstacles and disappointments, but he has gone toiling, smiling on, with implicit trust in God's power, and God has blessed him in his work. His kindly sympathy, sweet charity, cincerity, humility, gentleness and patience—the true fruits of the Spirit—have endeared him to the hearts of his people in two parishes; for, in the past six years, he has ministered to the little Congregational Church in Manhattan, also, holding services there each Sunday afternoon.

The past year he has had the joy of seeing the forces of temperance, with whom he has no persistently and energetically labored for ten years, come out victorious, and Redondo Beach voted "bone dry."

May God continue to bless his life and efforts among us is the prayer of his flock.

ONE OF HIS PARISHIONERS.

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### PILGRIM CHURCH, LOS ANGELES.

The heart of Pastor Weitkamp was made gad on Thursday evening, April 12th, when at a church supper the friends resolved to clear the debt amounting to slightly more than $3,000, one-third of the amount being a loan made by the Building Society. Following one or more meetings with the trustees Mr. Weitkamp showed the value of freedom from debt, and gave opportunity for subscriptions payable within one year. Five $250 pledges were made, some $100 and several $50 and smaller amounts, totaling more than $1800. Other interested parties are to be seen and the hope is, April will not pass into history ere the whole sum is in sight. Pilgrim, thus relieved, will put on new life, and in the near future it is hoped, be one of the most promising churches in the southern metropolis.

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### SAN BERNARDINO.

On the eve of a Wet-Dry election, April 9th, Dr. Charles F. Aked spoke effectively in our church to a large and very representative audience. The next day's result showed a majority in favor of the Drys of 541, a great moral victory.

From the pastor's training class the church received nine young people on confession at the Easter communion.

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### MARTINEZ.

Our Easter services were among the best for years, so they said: "We had meetings each day of Holy Week, and on Easter morning the church was crowded. In the evening the Masons were present by special invitation, the pastor speaking on "The Religious Element in Masonry." Every seat was taken, the large Sunday-school room was opened and every chair occupied! Quite a record for Martinez church. The choir made the services perfect with a fine musical program.

Our pastor, Geo. E. Atkinson, recently had his first experience as a censor for the movies. The local "movie magnate" called him into consultation with one of the judges of Martinez as to the advisability of continuing or discontinuing the movie serial "Patria." The advice was to discontinue, which was heartily approved by Mr. Clark, the movie man. Mr. Clark has offered Mr. Atkinson a yearly pass for himself and family to the movies!

### FROM SACRAMENTO TO FOREST GROVE.

The Rev. and Mrs. A. B. Patten left Sacramento last week for their new field at Forest Grove, Ore. The church gave them a reception Monday evening, and presented Mrs. Patten with a chime clock and Mr. Patten with a purse of gold. Mr. Walter Witherbee, ex-chairman of the trustees, made the presentation speech and paid a high tribute to the retiring pastor's preaching ability, declaring that the church had had, under Mr. Patten's ministry, "a pulpit of power." The local Church Federation, which Mr. Patten was largely instrumental in founding, and of which he had been president, was represented by its president and executive secretary, and added its testimony of esteem for the pastor's civic vision and welfare interests. There were many expressions of desire that, with the re-location of the church later, Mr. Patten would return.

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### CALVARY CHURCH, OAKLAND.

On Monday evening, April 9th, the Women's Association held a reception in honor of the fifteenth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell. The occasion brought together in delightful fellowship a large gathering of the church people. including the newly acquired members of Easter Sunday morning. At the close of the very enjoyable musical and literary program, Mrs. E. T. Leiter, president of the Women's Association, expressed in a few well-chosen words, the deep affection and respect which exists in the hearts of all our people for Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, and presented them, on behalf of the church people, with a visible expression of their appreciation in the form of several pieces of beautiful crystal. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell both responded with much feeling. During the social hour which followed ice cream and cake was served by the Young Women's Club. Calvary Church is a warm and hospitable church, and Mr. Campbell a live and efficient minister.

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### BOULEVARD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, OAKLAND.

On Palm Sunday evening the service was in charge of the Sunday-schol children, at which time a program of music and readings was rendered which reflected credit upon the talents of the young people, and also testified to the patient training they received from Mrs. Sandles and Mrs. Walfkiel.

On Easter Sunday morning the attendance was the largest in the history of the church. The auditorium was lavishly decorated in Easter lilies and fruit blossoms. The Mills College vested choir furnished beautiful Easter music and the pastor, Rev. J. B. Orr, delivered a sermon appropriate to the occasion.

Eight new members were received into the church and eight children were baptized.

At the evening service a large crowd was again present to enjoy an Easter cantata, beautifully rendered by the church choir.

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### SANTA CRUZ.

The Palestine Pageant for a week has been attracting large crowds to the church. On Sunday evening at a union service at the church, the Rev. Allen Moore spoke before a congregation of 700 people.

The Men's Club recently met at a supper with over 40 present, when S. Lask gave a talk on "Compulsory Health Insurance."

Our pastor, Rev. A. W. Hare, was chosen to deliver the

prayer at the farewell, given to the naval militia at a reception by the citizens with about 5000 present. The division on Easter Sunday attended services at the church in a body.

### OLIVET CHURCH, OAKLAND.

Six were received into membership on Easter Sunday, making a total of 21 since the coming of Pastor Dean, ten months ago. The Sunday-school gave its Easter song service at the vesper hour. The house was filled at all services. All auxiliary societies are prospering. Sunday-school attendance hovers about the 200 mark, sometimes exceeding this figure.

### ANNUAL MEETING EAST BAY CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY, AND BANQUET.

It will be held at the First Church, Berkeley, Thursday evening, May 10, at 6:30. Tickets are 50 cents and are to be so allotted as to give each East Bay church a proportionate representation. A most interesting program of addresses and music is preparing and will be announced in next week's Pacific.

### PASSION WEEK SERVICES AT ALTURAS.

The Congregational Church at Alturas had arranged for some time previously to hold a series of special services during Passion Week. At the invitation of the church, Rev. Geo. H. DeKay spent a very profitabe week with us. The meetings were well attended, even better than expected and many spoke to the writer of the helpful mssage that Mr. DeKay brought to us. We all were helped greatly by this week of meditation and fellowship.

Easter Sunday was a joyous day. The church was nearly filled for both services in spite of the flooded town. There had been a week of thawing weather, and the river had been rising. Saturday night there was a cloud burst in the mountains and by morning nearly all town was under water. It was up to the curb of the side walk in front of the church. One woman came as far as she could and then got into a buggy and was pulled up the side walk through the flood by the men.

Th church was beautifully decorated with flowers that thoughtful friends of the First Church, Oakland sent up by parcels post. The people were delighted with them for we have seen nothing but snow for over three months till lately.

After the morning service the celebration of the Lord's Supper was observed. There had been a hope that several would unite with the church at this time but we were disappointed in this.

Monday there was a meeting especially for the young people. Mr. DeKay with the pastor went out to the High School where the principal asked them to announce the meeting before the school. There was a good attendance and almost the best address of all that Mr. DeKay gave us.

The Rev. W. H. Youngman, after supplying for seven months was called as pastor, and we are all looking forward to more good things for the future.

### EVERETT, WASHINGTON.

The Sunday Evening Forum has been quite thoroughly tested during the past three months in the First Congregational Church of Everett, Washington, Elbert E. Flint, Pastor. The Sunday night service had been a troublesome problem, and had never been of much account, either from the standpoint of offerings or attendance.

During these three months various speakers have been brought in. Professors from the University, Legislators and Representatives from the state legislature. Such men as Judge King Dykeman of the Juvenile Court of Seattle, and Anna Louise Strong of the Seattle school board. Coupled with this the pastor has equipped himself with a first class Baush-Laumb lantern outfit of the best type, which has been made use of in the study of the Life of Christ, the Passion Play and the study of God in Nature. The result has been the building up of a good attendance till during the month of March, the total attendance was 1075 and the offerings have increased proportionatey, more than caring for all expenses. On Easter Sunday a number were received into the church by letter and on profession of faith, with an audience in the evening taxing the combined seating capacity of the church.

### INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

Pastoral evangelism has been put to the test, in an extraordinary degree, in this local association, especially in and around Spokane, during the past winter and its possibilities demonstrated. Pursuant to systematic arrangements, a series of meetings, lasting usually two weeks, were held in about twenty-five places. No professional evangelist was engaged, but the pastors did the preaching and co-operated heartily. Congregations were not always large nor results apparent at the time meetings were held. But at the end the results have been gratifying as evidenced in the ingathering into the churches on Easter Sunday.

Westminster, Spokane, 42; Pilgrim 29; Plymouth 15; Corbin Park, 16; Lincoln Heights 9; Westside 4; Hillyard 6; Vera, 26; Five Mile Prairie 1; Trent 2; Elk 20; Chatteroy 4; Orchard Prairie 13; Plea sant Prairie 4 Almira 12; Odessa 10.

Rev. H. A. Luckenbach, of Lincoln Heights Church, has been appointed by the Conference directors, as joint worker of the Home Missionary Society, and Sunday School Society, to have Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho, as his field. He has not yet accepted the position.

A large number attended the silver wedding anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Harper, of the Westminster Church, April 12th. They were presented with a silver set, a silver tray and a silver coffee percolator, and hearty expressions of appreciations was received from the Pilgrim Congregational Church, of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, of which Dr. Harper, was pastor for fifteen years. Westminster is making splendid progress under his ministry, the congregations larger than ever in its history, and all departments in good working condition. J. EDWARDS.

Spokane, Wash., April 13, 1917.

### THE SANDMAN.

The rosy clouds float overhead,
  The sun is going down;
And now the sandman's gentle tread
  Comes stealing through the town.
"White sand, white sand," he softly cries,
  And as he shakes his hand,
Straightway there lies on babies' eyes
  His gift of shining sand.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes through
  the town.

From sunny beaches far away—
  Yes, in another land—
He gathers up at break of day
  His store of shining sand.

No tempests beat that shore remote,
  No ships may sail that way;
His little boat alone may float
  Within that lovely bay.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes through the town.

He smiles to see the eyelids close
  Above the happy eyes;
And every child right wel he knows—
  Oh, he is very wise!
But if, as he goes through the land,
  A naughty baby cries,
His other hand takes dull gray sand
  To close the wakeful eyes.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes through the town.

So when you hear the sandman's song
  Sound through the twilight sweet,
Be sure you do not keep him long
  A-waiting on the street.
Lie softly down, dear little head,
  Rest quiet, busy hands,
Till, by your bed his good-night said,
  He strews the shining sands.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes through the town.

—Margaret Vandegrift.


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